

Fall!

FOR A DDI

#### HUE LORDS.

The colours co-exist in the sky.  
The blues and the rust  
the silver on the crust  
of the hopeful clouds.  
Come down to earth  
and the factions you unearth  
from the immured hearts.  
Communist reds and conservative blues.  
Lord help the worldly battle of the hues,  
harmoniously merging in the sunset sky.  
Purple gown'd royalty,  
anthems imbuing loyalty  
in us colourful men.  
But the reds of the earth  
touch the blues of the sky  
at death's door, to rise,  
at whatever the price,  
to their own self willed  
paradise.



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# D D I



THE  
MAGAZINE  
OF THE ARTS  
AT UNC-G



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# Linda Bragg

## tapestries in reality

In her poem "Don't Honey Me (A Love Song to Black Men)" from her first book, *A Love Song to Black Men*, Linda Bragg warns black men they they "had better have/ real people for their women/ and real women for their people." In her second book, a novel that is scheduled for publication next year, Bragg presents a protagonist who attempts to maintain the balance of being a real person, a real woman and a real sorcerer. Again Bragg, who has been an instructor at UNC-G (mostly in the Residential College) since 1970, will demonstrate how the "dreamstuff of Black women/ is not how to weep a mink coat/ out of him," as she stated in "Don't Honey Me." The novel's main character is based on a real woman whom Bragg knew when she was a student at Bennett College in the late fifties.

Bragg, who was born in Akron, Ohio, in 1939, received her Bachelor's degree from Bennett in 1961 and her Master's from Case Western the following year, when she married Harold Bragg. She continued her education at Kent State, where she was an instructor until 1966.

Since 1970 she has been a lecturer in the Residential College and has also worked as a lecturer for the English Department. Since she came to UNC-G, Bragg has earned a doctorate from The Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities. She played an integral role in the push for a Black Studies program, which UNC-G established as a minor over the summer.

The mother of two children, Bragg also manages to find some time to paint.

Recently, she agreed to an interview in which she discussed her forthcoming book and other topics.



CORADDI:

Could you give some details about your new book?

DR. BRAGG:

The novel is about a black woman who lived in Greensboro and died in the fifties. Basically, it is a combination of her life and fiction, so it is not a historical novel. It is a novel in which the character's personality was based in reality and grew out of what I knew about this particular woman. She is, in the novel, a psychic and a healer. The book is about her struggle -- mostly her internal struggle -- in accepting these gifts and using them in a way which will not put her in a position of being called crazy or weird both in the black community and in the larger world. It's about her life with ordinary events, and about how she is affected by the fact she has precognition and certain psychic powers. Around this there are some struggles involving racism and struggles with her spiritual life. All of it combines in a tapestry.

The novel is about the black community in the sense that there are some crucial issues that I do deal with. But it is much more a book about a woman who finds herself a black woman and therefore in a one-down position. But this character has special gifts and the narrative examines how she handles them...It is a situation where you fit these gifts into the real world and try to maintain normality. In Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon*, there's a woman named Pilate who has special gifts but does not maintain normality. She decides to stay on the outside of both black and white society. My character, on the other hand, decides that she wants to live as a normal person. That sets up all kinds of tensions because my character has to do certain things in order to conceal her uniqueness. Since she has a spiritual conscience, she has a responsibility to use the gifts. It's a real tricky balance.

CORADDI:

How far has the book progressed?

DR. BRAGG:

I have less than a third of the way to go. The only reason I'm having trouble finishing is time restraints. I know exactly what I'm going to write. I need a good two or three weeks of solid writing to complete it.

CORADDI:

What are plans for publication?

DR. BRAGG:

The book has been awarded first prize in a contest that Carolina Wrenn Press of Chapel Hill conducted with the North Carolina Coalition for the Arts. Part of the prize was publication of the book. So it will be published in 1984, although the exact date has not been set.

CORADDI:

How has the experience of writing a novel been different from writing poetry?

DR. BRAGG:

The biggest problem that poetry does not present is the

sustained nature of the novel. The novel goes on and Poetry, on the other hand, had been much more suited to my lifestyle, which was rather frantic because I'm teacher, mother and writer. All three come into conflict. I am often at a loss for time. It's easier to write a poem in fragmented time than to keep a hold of what you started with in a novel. Say you start in the morning and you've got this line you're following, then you have to leave at ten o'clock to go to teach and come back home, etc. That's the biggest difference for me. It means that somehow I have to stay in touch with my character through all those interruptions. Over a long period of time -- I've been working on this book since early 1980 -- I've faced a constant struggle against letting it go in my head.

I've found it a much more exciting process than writing poetry, which is exciting for a little while until you finish writing that particular poem. Then it dies until you write another poem, whereas the novel never goes away. Even though it is frustrating, it is always there.

CORADDI:

How do you think this experience of writing a novel will affect your future efforts?

DR. BRAGG:

I think I will continue writing fiction. I think it may have an important influence on me even in terms of the poetry I write. This is because I will be thinking of my themes and subjects and characters in a broader way than just as a poet.

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**"I probably would not be a teacher if there were government subsidies for writers or a patronage system. But even writers have to eat. We do it because we feel passionate about it and know it is important enough to do it."**

---

CORADDI:

You're also a painter. Are there connections between your work as a writer and painter?

DR. BRAGG:

First of all I'm an amateur painter. I do painting mostly for myself and for friends. I have exhibited, like at City Stage, and have sold some of the pieces. But that is not something I pushed myself on in terms of being a professional. Painting is a joy to me mostly. If there is a connection it is emotionally, not thematically. The kind of energy I put into painting is similar to what I put into writing. There's also a very deep connection with nature that I express in the painting that comes out in the writing through description and imagery. You could think of nature as thematic, but to me it is much more emotional. What I feel in both writing and painting is similar, so that's the connection. I have not generally painted images of Afro-America. But I write a great deal about that. So thematically it generally is different.

RADDI:

engaging gears now, you've had an important role in the founding of a Black Studies program at UNC-G. What should be the focus of the program?

DR. BRAGG:

It's very difficult to say in terms of what students are interested in. But what should be available, I think, are faculty who are capable of teaching in Black Studies. The curriculum ought to consist of black history as well as studies of the humanities and in political science and sociology as it relates to the Afro-American experience. As far as what the focus should be, you have to determine what's available here on campus and determine the interests of students. Currently, we have faculty available in music, history and literature. I think that the university has to go from there and make the other areas of study available by hiring people who have experience in those fields.

I think that the reason we should have a Black Studies program is obvious; that is, that we should speak to the experience of the largest minority in America, a minority that has left an indelible imprint on this country. When you have a significant population that comes from that minority enrolled at this school, then not to speak to that minority history is to deny the experience of blacks in this country. But more importantly it denies students who are not of that minority an exposure to the experience of the minority.

RADDI:

It seems that the tendency is to use as a bottom-line criterion the practicality -- i.e., the marketability -- of most courses and programs the university makes available. How has this affected the development of UNC-G's Black studies program?

DR. BRAGG:

We have to recognize that we are here to educate. The mentality we are dealing with today presents a hurdle. We've all fallen prey to this doctrine of training people only to get hired. You have to revamp your values and look at what you are really supposed to be doing. Clearly it's important that you be able to feed yourself. The question is what kind of survival are you talking about? And what quality of life you desire, not in terms of material things but who you are inside. There is a way to train people to be educated and to also feed themselves. I refuse to believe there's not a way to do that because there are some of us out here who are feeding ourselves and also trying to become educated everyday. The tragedy is that those of us who want to do it that way have so much to fight. The university has to see that its responsibility is to educate people first of all. Secondly, it has to make possible for a student the ability to survive and obtain an education. That's why we set up Black Studies in terms of a minor, as a complementary program. An Afro-American student who minored in Black Studies also could take enough courses in a major that would be more marketable. People in the arts have doing that for years.

I probably would not be a teacher if there were government subsidies for writers or a patronage system. But even writers have to eat. We do it because we feel passionate about it and know it is important enough to do it. The reason I teach has to do with the fact that I value my writing as much as I do. It's important enough for me to make a compromise. Until the whole system changes, there's no other way that I can do that. A student has to see what she has to fight, see what's out there and say "How can I maneuver myself so I can buy groceries and be a teacher, minister, historian, and Afro-American specialist." Students unfortunately have to make those kinds of choices. But I would like to see the university support people in making those kind of choices rather than make them feel like some kind of strange animal because they are too crazy to enter business. What I hear from many students is their peers tell them that you are crazy to take Black Studies, you'll never be able to make any money. So there is a lot of peer pressure as well as official pressure. One thing students can do is stop giving in to that pressure.

So currently the student's responsibility is to figure out ways to survive and get educated. That's not easy. But if you give up your humanitarian values, that's going to far. We need people who specialize in Afro-American studies, we need our artists, we need people whose first concern is not the dollar. If we don't get those people, then we're lost.

CORADDI:

Finally, how do you see the future of Black America?

DR. BRAGG:

I see the future tied into economics. The community ethic has never been enough, but it certainly is the beginning. It's clear that if you're fragmented and split, you can be wiped out much quicker than if you are not, particularly if your energy is divided and your belief systems start to fall apart. For example, in a crisis, you have to have people of one mind. It's essential for people to work together. Let's take UNC-G. If there's discrimination here and the black community here is not working together, discrimination can grow rampant. After community, the key is economic survival. As I see the future, it has to do with people coming together into a kind of coalition. Poor white people, poor Hispanics, poor native Americans and poor Afro-Americans who feel they are on the bottom of the capitalistic scale -- who don't own the means of production -- must develop a sense of economic sophistication. They have to combine that sophistication with their numbers for that's all they have. Without community you cannot have the education you need to develop the sophisticated survival techniques you need. It's no longer a question of black and white in small pockets. We still think racially only when it's convenient to think that way. Now the basic issues have to do with money. It's a matter of who owns what in this country. Until we understand that as poor people, not just as poor black people, we're going to stay poor. ■

# CRAIG C. SHAFFER

# POEMS

Craig Shaffer writes in the post-imagist mode, in which the poet labors to achieve full realization of the vehicular dimension of metaphor without abandoning his poem to the power of the images themselves. For example: Shaffer speaks (in "Wolves") of the "hieroglyphic/ Faces ash-chalked and stiff" of the Indians—and we imaginè the rigidity, the angularity, and the more than stoic reserve. Yet what we *imagine* is not all. "Hieroglyphic," "sacred writing," implies the connection between the faces and the landscape—the way in which the very indifference to feeling is a reflection of and a commitment to the passionate indifference of nature. To quote the next group of lines: "Something stalks them [the Indians] in the/ Bad distance; they sing prayers to/ The hill stones and wind spirits." Not all his metaphors work this way; some are indirect and ironic. In the same poem, we have "a trellis of lightning/ Jags the sky" and "Tiny rustlings/ Like spiders in a paper bag." At first glance these appear to be illustrative rather than organic. Yet the whole poem is about the superb indifference of the frostbitten land, the heavens, the trees, the animals. The kitchen-door homeliness, of paper bags and trellises intensifies, by ironically denying, that splendor, as does the image, "snow as pure as hospital gauze." I am not sure that every image and metaphor will stand this kind of scrutiny, or that each poem makes as unified a figure in the mind as it might. Some poems seem uncertain as to where they should conclude. But the gift for the brilliant metaphor is unmistakable—or, more importantly, the tenacity that is unwilling to settle for anything less than best. There is also evident the determination to bring as many dimensions of human experience as possible into some kind of order within the poems—spanning a continent and an ocean in "East-West Dialogue" and discovering (in "Sustenance") an emblem of the worst disasters of war and peace in the mosquitoes around a mudpuddle. To put it plainly: Craig Shaffer has worked very hard on these poems and has made them worth reading with all the attention you can bring to bear on them.

—H.T. Kirby-Smith  
English Dept., UNC-G

## FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE DRIVE-IN

From this distance it could be a firefly  
Colony, clustering in the twilight haze—  
But across the void a marquee strobes:  
Moth-splashed divine light  
Firesign in a cavern of electric stars.

In awful green light the ticket man  
Herds them across the flickering field.  
A disembodied chorus of strangers  
Crowded in metallic unity,

The cars faintly rocking  
Boats on a gravel ocean,  
Heads propped above the seats  
Like pumpkins glued on a fence.

Crumpled on floorboards, bras cup  
Popcorn like crouton in salad bowls—  
They're not even watching the movie,  
Bathed in flashing bluegreen light, like

Squirming bottleflies in moonlit ponds—  
Cans plinking for generations while the  
Moon droops unnoticed overhead  
In a cavern of exploding stars.



## NIGHT SWIMMERS

Hands tingle the phosphorescence  
Faintly splash a calm pure surface

Velvet and smoothed by night  
A fragmented moon ripples.

Beneath, is the giant eel, pulsing,  
The undulant whip of its body wavers

In dark undercurrents as blind feet  
Of swimmers agitate nearby

Past time when bones chalked the  
Shore, clouds opaque over an early moon,

And knowing, swim from ancient  
Eclipses when pared flesh sprawled

On coral among snails, driftwood  
Under the depths of watery night.

## NOVEMBER COCOON HUNTING

Green food shrivels to rusty husks,  
Worm skin wrinkles, toughens to a  
Shell, wracked with collapse and curl.

On sleeves of windshook limbs  
Comes the wintering instinct,  
The sacrifice of form.

I twist into silk blankets  
And leathery leaves, weaving  
My tomb, my shroud.

The cold fog. I am frail  
In the trees of my farms,  
A sleeping pearl.

Boys go November cocoon hunting.  
Fingers shake the hung branches.  
They get out their pocket knives.

## THE GATE CROSSING

Sunblind as a dug mole, drunk and  
Asphalt hot. Dodging armadilloes and flatbeds  
Halfway between Bristol and Springfield.

A roadside mission appears on the smeared  
Horizon, a mirage stopped dead between white lines.

I saw them amid heat waves, moving  
Vague figures moving toward my cars.

Three mooh-eyed children painted on the  
Windshield. Dark hammocks of flesh under  
Their gazes, lips tight as clothespins.  
The shapes of fists ghostly bluegreen on the  
Small bodies, translucent feet puff  
Akaline dust among ants, scrub grass, stones.

They pulled me through the gate, starfish  
Fingers gripped tight, to the white frame  
Mission house. A faded quilt, hand-embroidered  
In red thread, hung by nooks on the porch rail.  
*Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall  
Be opened unto you.*

Six christians halfway-housed on the porch.  
Wind-rushing hair, nod to a ukelele hymn  
Rippling distantly as they did pull me in.  
Handcuffed in damp cooling hands. To a  
Fly-swirled kitchen where a missionary girl  
Stirs mint tea, gold-leafed in sunlight.  
Sweat pebbles spangle her chest like stars.  
Blouse loosened for a noisy fan.

Here the children surround me, little  
Shadows on a vinyl sofa, as she hums gospel  
Songs, radiant as a bride. I had never  
Dreamed heaven was so near as we sing for  
White bread, clean sheets, milk and honey.

Later, when hens and children rustle in  
Chinaberry bushes, and old men bend like  
Branches over thumb-smeared Bibles, she  
Curls on a dusty divan like a sacred scroll:  
Unable to stop my hand reaching for life.  
To lift the shining hair, as the quilt  
Cocoons around us, tucked in by many hands.  
Luminous faces watching as I melt down  
The ladder of her body, halfway down  
To the dark and the door.

## SUSTENANCE

Today I watched mosquitos skid  
Across warm skilletts of puddles  
Thunderstorms left in the streets.

Their babies floated trembling—  
Between hot depths and air—  
Stirred water with tiny vibrations.

Flotillas cluster to hatch and  
Rise on spiny feet to dimple surfaces  
Never breaking tension, waiting

To hunt the blood  
I smear with flat swift palms.  
Sharp tapwater flushes clean  
Blotches from bitten skin.

Blood, a simple grace;  
The brood has it good:  
Swamps, ditches, sewers, trenches,  
Foxholes. Mosquitoes  
Awash in a sea of heartbeats

Under gods and sunlight  
Mottled rivers, splashed roads,  
Red tides where they grow  
Fat and nasty.

Hatching young ascend in clouds  
For the bounty violence makes  
The saw and shovel have work to do,

Loosened edges now congealing.  
Blood and water scent the humming air.

## BUSHMASTER

low mist of gasoline vapor  
crawls through underbrush

the chainsaw numbs the hands  
smears grease and sawdust on

amputated limbs, trunks; the  
hornet's nest of angry sound

rouses the snake  
from drowsy coils

unheard dry cracklings of  
scales through leaves

to focus glass-sharp images  
of a heated shape

bending to arrange a brushpile  
a reflex of movement.

## EAST-WEST DIALOGUE

At night: ricepaper lanterns shine  
From temples haloed with hill mists.  
Shaven, white-robed apprentices  
Chanting prayers across nothingness  
Of valleys that cup the sky.

At dawn chants still tingle as  
Maidens splash out to the fields.  
Silkworms nibble fresh leaves, snakes  
Ripple in irrigation ditches.

They've heard it on the junk docks,  
Among rice and water buffalo, swooning  
Over rivers entranced in time, the  
Mummies preserved in bogs, listening.

## II.

On a California blue collar day  
The productions continue. The  
Pulse of factories, traffic, skin.  
Dull samurai knives slice toast,  
Teakwood statues are hidden from  
Christ in restaurants and laundries.

At night: voodoo streetlights gleaming,  
Industrial mountains smoking volcanically  
Electric spires, towers, pagodas of  
Steel across centuries from Peking.

But sitting crosslegged after tea  
My girl shyly removes a blue silk  
Shawl. Hearing the prayers  
My shoes out the door.

## IN DEFENSE OF WEREWOLVES

Under bulging lucent moons  
Werewolves feast on sheep.  
Gore is slung messily and  
They neglect to wipe jaws.

But ranchers butcher herds  
For markets: werewolves are  
Just hungry, and in modern  
Years in danger of losing

The killing instinct. They  
Are hunted with costly silver  
Bullets. They mean no harm  
Nor intentionally scare women  
Who lock kitchen doors to cook  
Lamb chops or mutton pie.

the trail to white aspens  
ians chanted, their hieroglyphic  
es ash-chalked and stiff.

nothing stalks them in the  
d distance; they sing prayers to  
e hill stones and wind spirits.

ave heard it too  
yond the boundaries of twilight,  
the edge of shadows,  
y rustlings  
ce spiders in a paper bag,  
ifting light and sound.

gends of gray shapes live  
hind the timberline.  
sorrel mare is edgy,  
gging the strawed corners of  
e barn, guarding her colt.

e land is frostbitten:  
ch dawn a trellis of lightning  
gs the sky. An unsilent  
rest surrounds the cabin,  
ribou fled northeast months ago.

roras drape the horizon of dusk  
suspended from arctic jet streams.  
n buried in the far northwest  
ding racks, sweeping trails.

ver the wide spaces the whiteness  
aches, snow pure as hospital gauze.  
rches and tamarack are dark green  
rows pointing to the stormy sky.  
rost crisp moss under the tundra  
ibernating black flies are curled  
ke tiny fingers in pupa shells.

at tomatoes are packed in jars,  
aribou shanks are hooked and cured,  
he jeep rests under a flapping tarp;  
ll is tethered to brace the winter.

I

he fever came; I entered twilight,  
rozen flaming to the bed. Unlocked  
oor, the windows brittle with chill.  
outside in rising wind I heard the howling.

ow was I to know of slaughtered horses,  
r when the Indians fled their prayers?  
ow could I see them mobbing like an  
pidemic down ravines, starved eyes  
laring, bloody claws painting the snow  
n the tracks that followed my last escape.  
Their footprints among the aspens,  
A dark sound.

The shocks occurs on stained glass windows.  
Above vacant pews, a lightning storm illuminates  
The glass eyes, the symbolic face.  
The flash spots were like black crushed  
Flowers, and I believed

Or was blinded by theatrics. Hands could  
Buttons and dials. Tapes of sound effects.  
A heavenly light show. Roll bowling balls  
On tin sheets up in the balcony, and there  
You have it. *Thunder*. But my hands damp as  
Cotton swabs uplifted to receive the sacrament,  
To cup a blue coil of lightning. My hands  
Were kites aloft for pure blazing  
Communion in the electrical fields.

That was before I slept during the raging  
Sermons, in dreams put toads in the font,  
Nibbled wives and robbed the plates. That  
Was until I collapsed on thorns, the  
Suffering bed, disbelief.

Stained glass shattered, spilled on the  
Parking lot. The soundless statuettes, the  
Figures in a frame, frozen. Like stones.  
And friends, or even prayers.  
Finished with one; now the others.

## II

God peeks through keyholes in rooms where  
Dying men sing. I splashed nude and new  
In the lukewarm fountain at Sprague Plaza,  
All the noisy Christians watching my rapture,  
The soggy epiphany. The hyperbole of salvation  
Did not spur me, to song and dance, to  
Transfiguration. Unmoved: using hoarse  
Stage whispers of bliss among the multitude.

Only now, fingers glued to bones, frightened  
In the dark. Between the ribs withers a  
Plastic rose. The talisman cross freezes

Flesh, as if stamped there. Where  
Is thunder and lightning now, arriving  
To glaze this cracked pot, to shape  
A new image flying clean as a meteor  
In the space within a skull. All for  
Momentary energy, a glimpse beyond  
The basement, my existence, my life.

Their eyes, contented as heifers before  
The mallet, are dull and hold not the  
Light as they wave their arms like  
Sea anemones, all outstretched to be  
Ravaged, penetrated, electrocuted with  
Brother-love, lambs slaughtered by grace.  
For the figment or fixture of  
The burnt-out power source,  
They shout and hum, unable to  
Bear quietly the small heat  
Hysteria struggles to maintain.



# HOMER YOST

These woodcuts  
gouged of words and works  
are an issue  
of public concern.  
People living and dying  
in the Central region  
of America.  
Neighbors by land.

I want to remember  
some friends who worked  
on *other* dark hours  
of our human story:

Francisco Goya  
paid his rent  
with portrait fees from royalty  
inked his plates at night  
with the Disasters of War.

Kaethe Kollwitz  
her models were sick and soiled  
workers in her husband's clinic,  
and sons and grandsons  
ground up in two World Wars.

Rico Lebrun  
contoured with charcoal sticks  
the charred bones  
in Buchenwald ovens.

Antonio Frasconi  
embossed his paper  
with screaming heads  
of Southeast Asians  
and blood-leaked bodies  
at Kent State U.

[But each always with hope  
'Venceremos' translates  
'We shall overcome.']



1. 1. 1944 Ernesto Cardenal

- 1/5

Comandante  
Ana Maria  
PRESENTE



1-11-1968

" that my blood be the

que mi sangre  
sea semilla  
de libertad

O SGN Romero  
presente

# COUNTERPOINT

photography and poetry



*Kathy D'Angelo*



## THE FAMILY

A web,  
let's say a spider's web,  
hangs quivering under the eaves.  
Loose ends, split ends, in their vulnerability,  
like the leafy appendages of trees,  
hang unhinged in their freedom  
yet are vital for the tenacity  
of this woven entity.  
Offsprings, spring off  
the Establishment.  
Every end seeking new directions  
while a single thread  
prevents submission  
to a total disassociation.  
Encompassed in this sticky net  
the cliched patterns  
of a family life  
endure.  
The loose ends may very well  
end loose;  
lest they bind themselves  
to the outstretched neighbouring  
sinews,  
unite in share fragility  
to rope in strength,  
while each tireless Arachnid,  
will create  
procreate,  
more ends  
than her means will ever justify.

*Khulsum Edirisinghe*

## PLANET HURTS

Earth is a hurting planet  
And I did not want to come here.  
Someone kicked me in the ass  
On the other side, firmly nudged  
Me in this direction,  
And my best friend for more lifetimes  
In more places than earth can ever dream  
Was laughing at me, motioning  
*Come on, you're gonna like it.*  
Of course if you were stubborn as a ram.  
With a roar fiercer than a lion,  
Birthed by Mars and split as well  
Into two fish, one swimming up to the light,  
The other down to the deep.  
Attached to self-will  
And sentimental, possessive, and scared.  
Judgemental, and no good,  
And death-wishing and  
Drunk-jumping-out-of-cars suicidal  
To escape the clutches of this ball that's  
Got you by your balls,  
And you were born pissed off,  
Nobody did anything right, right from the start.  
You were hungry;  
If you needed to surrender your will to—  
*The word which cannot be spoken.*  
To learn to complete yourself,  
Recognize your own primal song.  
Then where the hell else could you land.  
After a cosmic kick in the ass,  
Except this hurting planet earth.  
My friend was right—somewhat.  
There has been some fun  
Though some days I still don't make it.

*Jo Jane Pitt*



*Claire M. Juodis*

## AT THE FARM THAT ALL REMEMBER

Outside whirlwinds blow and bless  
the antler branches that  
startle and shake the husky leaves  
that clack and jerk  
at never-ending harvest winter:

in these warm hours of november  
in the sunny streaked azured sky  
under spheres of bustling radiance  
while loose leaves sommersalt the belting sweeps

at the farm that all remember  
where the taddlepole pond lies  
there the angus slurps the substance  
before the crow who soars and creeps

across barbwire parched pastures  
under nuded pines mooing cries  
up Old Julian in sauntered daliance  
down the chainsaw buzzing steeps

between the misty weeds in wonder  
around the pears bees buzz and fly  
upon the rotten jaundice dancing  
from round to oval ones in leaps.

When silent leaves no longer choir, I wonder,  
at how still the tin windwheel lies  
and how quietly breathes the tilted rose in final radian  
with my heart weeping upon the frozen steeps.

*Tom Carter*



*Summer, Terri Hester*

## NOVEMBER FIRST

The scars of October  
are too small to define,  
But size has no bearing  
when a minute cut  
can burst the brain of man.  
I used to feel the Fall  
coming on her nights,  
Souls and saviors,  
the last breath of sunshine  
before winter dowsed the light.  
My youth assured me the young ones don't die,  
But his death shattered the myth  
that October was kind.

Missiles in Cuba, the red firing the trees  
like the blood from passing friends  
or lovers lost in a graveyard we walked  
before November and the frost.  
I never said I knew  
she would lay her last flower  
on the body of her man,  
the cruel wind waltzing  
with the leaves at her feet.

The scars of October  
draw survivors together  
as we swear on spilled blood never  
to forget the Fall.  
it's funny how Harvest Moons  
can mist the mournings of years.  
We lit our candles in silence,  
the wind come to pay its respects,  
whisper of change.  
Darwin and his law  
Damned the dead, damned us all

*Eric Hause*

## THE WORLD

I promise everything  
and then you realize  
I'm not there  
no matter  
where you go  
you won't run into me

*Lynne Martin*

## CAESAREAN

our technical world  
our vitamins and our junk food  
our vices and our wisdom  
our complicated simplicities  
i look with disdain  
at beams replacing bullets  
and beaching whales  
yet i am glad  
i'm not a native  
of some isolated island  
caught in another  
realm of time

for in a steel maze of science  
they opened my belly  
with ripping pain seduced  
to save her first breath  
from being crushed  
by my own bones

in the pulsing night  
surrounded by meager helpless hands  
wreathing in my last hallucinations  
upon a cloth  
against the dirt  
i and she  
would have been lost to the dark  
if not for our technical world  
now we hold each other laughing  
in the mowed meadows  
between the mass of chemicals and computers  
and i am just so glad  
together!  
we can hear the piercing noise  
that breaks through the sky  
together!  
we can see the lines of clouds  
left by the fighter jets  
together!  
we can wonder what we are breathing  
together!  
we look  
for the spaceships

*Frances Parkton*

## AKING MY TIME

ou are taking my time anyway, so I may  
well make a gift of it. If I were a pirate,  
which I sometimes think I am, it would be  
y bounty without your mutiny.

would be a parrot of many colors that  
ould never talk, that would crack shells  
th its beak, making rhythms so you could  
etch in the tune

ce lines traced among the apex of stars.

would be a bright sash, which, unlike  
eyepatch, can be used as a blindfold,  
scarf, a belt, or a flag to measure the  
lvent of wind. It could even be a sail.

it were coin, it would be gold, solid  
nd heavy in your hand, for as long as  
ou chose to hold it. Yours to spend,  
reedy and lusty, twirling you mustache,  
eratching your beard.

*Marcia McCredie*

## BLACKSTONE

I have tasted  
And now it hovers inside me  
Once caught, once beckoned  
Night's music has teased its tune in.  
Day's foreign rays flick a memory  
Of fire.  
For me it is not from behind heavy velvet curtains  
Anymore, it is as the night within me.  
I've walked into it's open arms  
Breath of sour alcohol and rotting disease  
And stilling condemnation  
Yet not so cruel as to deny my arms  
—There is no rejection of night.  
One solemn stone of a corner cavity  
Tells me his history  
In textures already dismissed by the blinding day.  
Night gives me leave to listen  
To vague stone soliloques  
Roughing my ear with innuendoes of  
*Come inside*  
*Let's fall into the music.*

*Molly Winner-Nash*

## AWAKENED FROM THE DREAM WHERE SOMEONE IS BURNING

A hot brigade of dreams where my body aches—arms swing  
buckets of water on the barn flames curling, spinning up  
where great spiders bleed. Caught in their giant web. I  
chase them away with my small bucket hands, splash the anti-  
dote in my eyes (who ask where they will be sent next . . .)

(On the Gobi, soldiers with cracked lips think only of water.  
Their bodies are dry hickory, fighting a slat wind. If they  
raised their branches they could fly. If there were any green  
left, if they could take in light, fill themselves with it,  
reach in earth, divine patterns of water—deep, wide eddys  
below . . . but the sand is ice . . . their armored bodies,  
steel-bladed feet skate on burnt grit, blown glass—an empty  
bottle night with no stars . . . wind cuts through and the web opens . . .)

Awake my body tastes sudden lilac, nectar of a broken rope  
where shadows parachute to ground.

*Lynne Martin*

## THE ADMIRATION OF WOMEN POETS

At the end of the anthology, rows of women's faces:  
Their heads lined up like jars at the back of a gallery.  
Me with my pot-shot rifle, good for picking off eyes, a  
    nostril, an earring.  
Sighting out the competition first:  
Youngish, good-looking  
(The older ones—dead, or with living gazes like bullet-proof  
    walls—to be revered, already past replacing or too  
    old to worry about.)  
It's the fresh ones that I love, that I fear—  
Hating their faces like teenage girls hate models in fashion  
    magazines,  
Yet wonder what potions, what smears they can buy to be  
    themselves so hated.  
Snidely I presuppose that their works are shallow,  
Looking for signs of poetry, words caught in this one's hair,  
    images dangling carelessly from the mouth of another.  
I think, "Can anyone without a ruined face have written a  
    good poem?"  
And after I have blown away their features, I ransack their  
    houses,  
Flipping back through pages, running a check on their poetry,  
    on what they had.  
And if what I read is good (as it almost always is), for a  
    moment I pause and put down my weapon.  
I cover my face with my hands.  
I know this is wrong, wrong.  
Standing up, I go to the mirror. I hold up the open book  
    by my ear,  
Feeling the sting of cut pages against my cheek,  
Regarding the incongruity of my huge clay head  
Lumped next to so many rows of small and delicate jars.

*Catherine Vance Agrella*

## THE LIMIT

One day soon,  
(when apprehended, I'll blame spring, the phases of the moon)  
I will leap up wild-eyed from the table,  
Just unable anymore and disdaining the door  
Leap through my picture window.  
(I picture this in slow motion,  
Shattering glass in the evening sun)  
Full speed again on the ground,  
Arms waving wildly  
Running through suburban lawns  
Pausing only to snarl back at  
Neighborhood dogs.

*Jim Palmer*

## BARREL-JUMPING OUTSIDE HICKORY

Like elongated rabbits leaning out  
into the wind, the clouds  
were skating fast on frozen sky  
when I looked up from the grey of I-40.  
It's strange to think of hares with skates,  
but if such a thing were possible,  
the rabbits probably would be  
the greatest barrel-jumpers ever seen:  
with all that strength in lower limbs  
they sometimes use to deal out death  
to rival suitors in mating time—  
with all that power, god knows how many  
empty oil drums they'd jump.  
With little paws tucked snugly to  
their upper breast, perhaps they'd use  
their ears to muster motion, gain momentum;  
then they'd throw their long ears back to lie  
against wind-flattened fur,  
and in one stupendous, leaping swoosh  
they'd bound above the barrels black  
on blue-white ice, stretched out  
into infinity and lined with countless  
fur-clad spectators, whiskered like  
the *pinus virginiana*  
that stand along the shoulders  
of this certain stretch of road.

*Nathanael Dresser*



*Donegan Root*



Jacob Playing, *Steven Lautermilch*

## WATER

Some days  
Change comes like a breeze  
That takes the damp from laundry  
Leaving it fresh and stiff  
And the water's never missed . . .

Other times  
Change is remembering,  
A photograph held gingerly  
As rivulets of pain  
Course slowly down my face.

But today  
I had no tears  
Or pictures for the feeling  
Of a flock of birds  
Going South without me.

*Lisa Ritch*

i.

to be black . . .  
and living in america is a  
challenge to say the  
least should i assimilate into the  
WASPish mainstream?  
(kinky curls don't make it baby)  
my hair should be BOUNCIN' AND BEHAVIN'  
(i thought balls were for bouncing;  
but then some heads are just as empty)  
change this!

modify that! become one of us.  
U.S.? are they always right? mulling  
these confusing thoughts over in my head makes me  
realize that some people's mutterings  
are like T.V. fuzz . . .

*Tangela Baldwin*

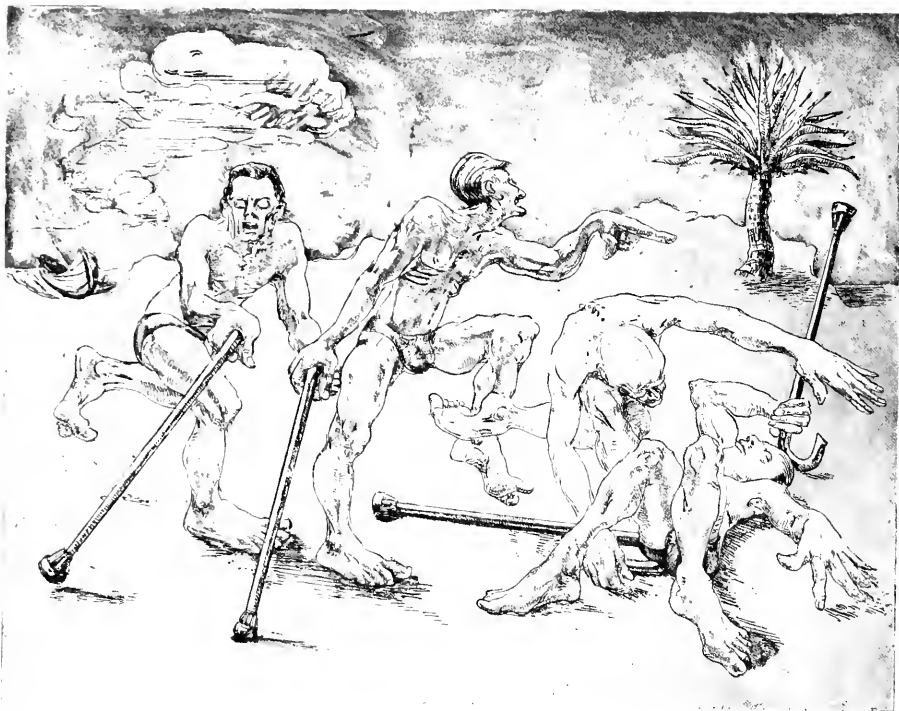


# ***Parables, Processes and Paper***



*1009 Burch Avenue*

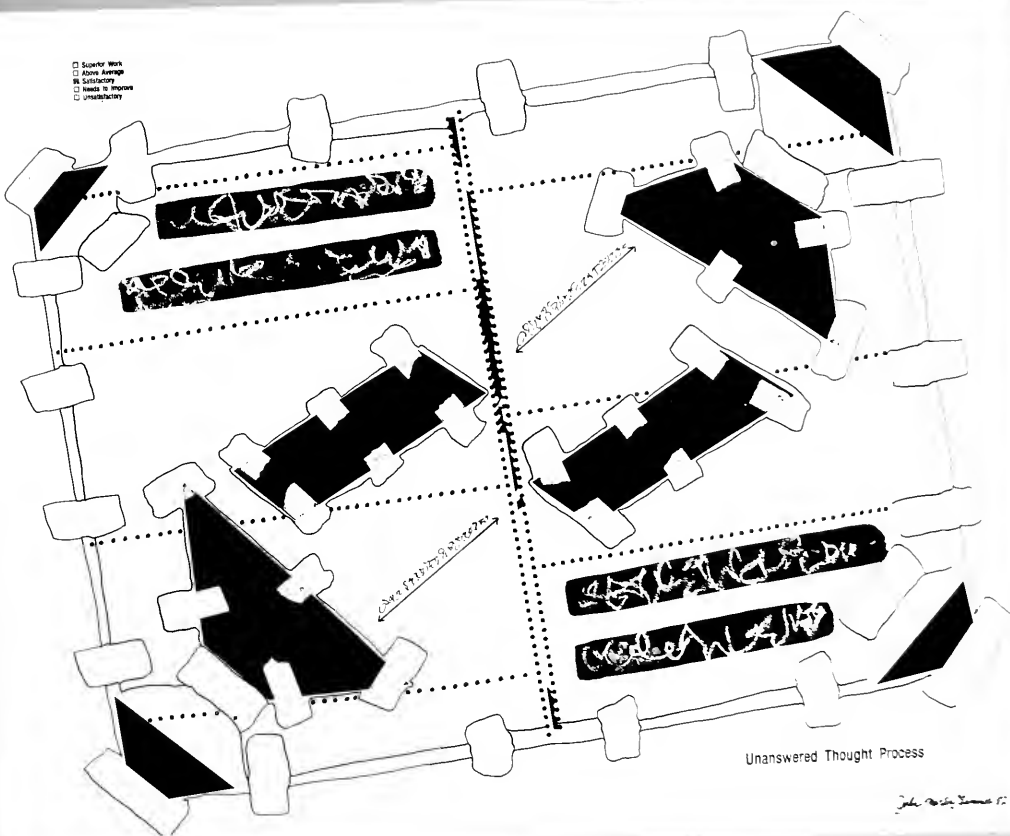
Anne F. Wilkinson



*Parable of the Blind*

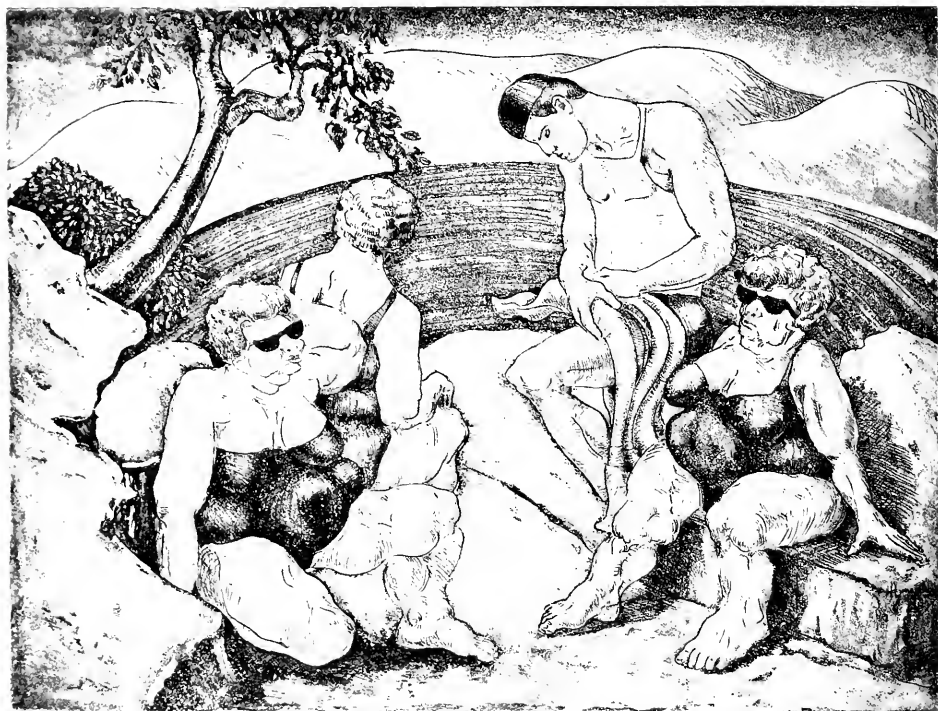
Mike Northvis

- ☐ Superior Work
- ☐ Above Average
- ☐ Satisfactory
- ☐ Needs to improve
- ☐ Unsatisfactory



Unanswered Thought Process


John Martin, November 1971



*The Bathers*

Mike Northvis





# Yours Truly,

Mark A. Corum

June 7

The headlamps caught him unprepared when the car rounded the corner and flashed by. Jericho stood his ground at the centre of the asphalt arena, lit by the red glow of the nearest streetlamps. He felt the water the car had slung his way soaking into his jeans—making them as uncomfortable as his clinging, sweat drenched shirt. The air that filled the nighttime city street around him was as hot and muggy as a steamy locker room shower. The camera strap around his neck seesawed against the warm wetness of his collar when he stopped—biting, rubbing the skin raw. But he didn't notice. He was late. Getting his car fixed in Winterwood had cost him his on-time 9:30 arrival. He waited impatiently on the broken yellow line for the next car to pass—then ran to the safety of the facing sidewalk.

There was no one to see him or hinder his run up the sidewalk to the cramped tenement building that housed the 13th Street Shelter. Even the police steered clear of the uptown neighborhoods after sundown. Climbing the stairs to the second-story apartment, he paused at the door for the few seconds it took to pull the exposed film cartridge from the back of his camera.

The living room clock showed 11:04 as the door closed behind him. The film was safely in his pocket. Only the feeble glimmer of a night light helped him find his way through the shabby apartment. Two cots filled the living room area, in case of an overflow. In the back, there were only three closet-sized bedrooms—mute testament to the city funding shortage.

Jericho crossed the room quietly to a brown couch by the window. Finding a dog-eared legal pad he kept hidden under the frayed left cushion there, he sat down and started to write just as the door to the shelter clicked open. The single, painfully bare bulb on the ceiling flicked on, drowning out the feeble glimmer of his reading lamp. Two women in city-issue blue overcoats entered, helping a third, huddling figure into a seat just beside the door.

Her face was hidden as she collapsed into the chair, but the frilly, pink edge of an expensive nightgown peeked from beneath her coat. Her sobs and labored breathing were, for a moment, the only sounds in the room—but without even seeing her face he knew who she was. One of the women moved towards him.

"It's Linda."

"Paul?" He asked.

"Who else? He had a field day."

"We gotta move," the other woman spoke quickly. "We're the only two on the crisis line at the Centre tonight. Can you take her?"

"Yeah," he said horsely, his stomach suddenly twisting up. "I'll put her to bed—but get her a doctor by morning."

"We'll do our best."

The door slammed shut again, leaving Jericho alone with the heap in the chair. Kneeling down, he tried to peer up at her face through the wind-tangled hair. He spoke softly, "Linda? It's Jericho, remember? What can I do?"

He waited for her to speak.  
The reply came slowly, interspersed with little sobs she fought to control. "I tried . . . I tried. I had to call them."  
"Why didn't they take you to the hospital?"  
"No hospital!" She cried in fear. "Can't let anybody know. I don't want to let anyone. Promise!"  
"I promise, I won't. I just want to make sure you're okay, right?"

She nodded yes, tilting her head just enough so he could see her face—she was cut and bruised, her left eye swollen to the point of being closed. Feeling his eyes upon her, she buried her head in her arms, shutting him out.

He took him quite a while to coax her out of the chair and onto the bed. She was limping as he helped her down the hall to the bedroom. Flipping on the overhead light, he saw that the bed was made up, but the belongings of someone from the past before were still strewn on the bedside table. Before he could consider taking her to another room, Linda took two steps toward him and collapsed onto the bed. It was only then that he noticed the growing black bruise on the back of her leg. "Last time it was a boot," he thought.

"I just want to sleep," she whispered, rolling her face to the wall—the vanity her youth had instilled in her evident even then. "I didn't mean to, I swear. I tried to do right," she blurted through muffled sobs. He looked on helplessly. Why hadn't he taken her to her house that evening instead of Winterwood? He could have known!

"It's okay. You didn't do anything to make it your fault." "I did . . . this time. I should've asked him about the dress, I wanted to surprise him. He didn't know it was my money." He dissolved into even heavier crying, and he knew from experience there was no use in saying anything more, putting her head on the back of a thin wooden chair in the corner, he walked to the door.

"It wasn't your fault, Linda."  
He clicked off the light and closed the door, except for a small crack. He wanted to hear her if she called out in the middle of the night.

Walking back to the living room, he wondered again why men like Linda stayed with the people who abused them. Was some perverse stock taken in the words "for better and for worse" that somehow made them believe that having the shit hit out of them was just a "worse" to be expected and forgotten afterwards? Whatever the reason was, there was a pattern in the aftermath. They'd stay just long enough for their wounds to heal and then go right back into the arms of their assailants—even even believing they owed an apology for their absence. Linda had twice returned to her \$300,000 home in the "classy" section of town, and each time she had come back to the shelter a little more bruised and hurt than the time before. And it was compliments of her husband—Dr. Paul R. Byshent Jr.—probably the most skilled and well-known surgeon in the city.

June 8

"Good morning, Valley Memorial. May I help you?"  
"This is Jericho Ryan down at the 13th Street Shelter—can I speak to Dr. Westring?" There was a long pause while only the hum of a hold signal could be heard—then a loud click.  
"I'm sorry, Dr. Westring's office says he's not in today."  
"Then could you get me Dr. Michaels?"  
"I'm sorry, Dr. Michaels is out of town this week on a consultation project."

"How about Dr. Branvold?"  
"I'll check." The hold signal returned.  
Jericho stood by the kitchen counter, leaning against the fake pseudowood surface, trying to concentrate on his call while listening for sounds from the bedrooms. Linda wouldn't be up for hours—but Lisa, who was sleeping in another room, could be getting up in minutes for her nine AM appointment.  
"Mr. Ryan?" The thin voice in the receiver broke his concentration.

"Yes?"

"Dr. Branvold is very busy and wants to know if he could come by this afternoon. Is this an emergency?"

Jericho held himself back from yelling. Simple business sense—freebies come after the paying customers.

"Just tell him to give me a call when he can. Is there anyone who is available?"

"I'll check." There was a rustling of papers. "Dr. Renlyn is on call. Could he help?"

"Not really." (Renlyn was a competent urologist, but not much use with bruises and contusions.) "Anyone else?"

"Dr. Byshent comes on call in twenty minutes—can I have him call you?"

"No thanks, just give Branvold my message. Goodbye."

As he put the phone back on the hook, Jericho reflected on the soft-shoe work coming up. Keeping Linda Byshent at the shelter would be difficult because she insisted on secrecy. If anyone ever found out, her husband's career would be ruined—and she wouldn't have that. Jericho summoned all his will not to telephone the *Republican* and give them a banner headline for their next edition. But he knew the first rule of the shelter organization was to help the victims—and that included going along with their wishes, even when they seemed unfathomably stupid.

"Jericho?"

Turning, he faced the beautiful, but painfully thin, Lisa Weldon. Her spirits had improved drastically over the last two weeks as her bruises healed, and she was faring better away from her mother and the verbal and physical abuse she had grown up with. Only the shiny edge of metal at the corner of her mouth marred her appearance—the end of one of the wires a doctor had used to wire her jaw shut so it could heal. It was good to see her crystal blue eyes without the pain they had held when she arrived—more than any 18 "year" old should have to handle.

"How're you doing today?"

"Better." She mumbled through the wires.

"Sleep okay?"

She nodded.

"Going to the centre at nine?"

She nodded again, then ran her hand down the side of her housecoat. It had fit when she arrived, but now bagged around her like a surplus army tent.

"No, you can't wear that." He smiled.

"What den?" She managed.

"There's a dress in the closet that oughta fit you. Lady brought it by here yesterday."

Jericho's eyes followed her across the room to the closet. Her hair was getting shaggy and needed a trim, but haircuts meant taking the client out into public and potential big trouble if she was recognized.

"Whatt'unk?" Lisa asked, holding the dress up in front of herself for his approval.

Jericho whistled, taking her in with a raising of his eyebrows. "Why don't we skip the appointment and elope?"

She smiled as much as the wires would allow, then disappeared down the hall. Jericho wondered what her boyfriend—well, ex-boyfriend—would say if he could see her now. He remembered Lisa telling him how she'd gone to his house after her mother had thrown her out. The jerk had taken one look at her swollen jaw and bruised face and decided that he'd been "waiting for a long time to call things off." After all, he was the quarterback of the football team, the senior dance was just a week away, and Lisa no longer looked like the belle of the ball or head cheerleader. What more could she expect?

Three knocks sounded tentatively on the front door.

"Yes?"

"Jerry?" said a muffled female voice from the other side. "Sorry, I forgot my key." He went to open the door, tucking in his shirt tails in anticipation of her first remark.

Kelly Johnston strode in confidently, her pulled-together look

giving no hint of the frightened girl he had met less than a year ago when she had come to the shelter as a client. She held a night job somewhere uptown as a secretary, but she never let the long nights show when she came to work as a volunteer at the shelter during the day when Jericho had to be at work. No, she had too much pride to ever let it show.

"Sorry about being late, I had to go over and bust my ex's chops about this month's check, as usual. You heard from him lately? Didn't think so." She paused briefly to light a cigarette. "Tough night? You look really tense. Leslie called up and told me Linda's back—I'll call the hospital—okay? Pretty snappy shirt, Jerry—you're starting to get with it. Is Lisa ready for her nine o'clocker?" She finally stopped—he expected her to gasp for air.

"She's getting dressed. I'll hang around and give her a ride in so they won't have to waste a trip."

"Anything I should know about?"

"Just check in on Linda. Dr. Branvold's supposed to call about her—but be careful, her darling hubby's on call."

"Remember, you've got to have those books up to date for Paul Glazing if you don't want the city to cut off our funds."

"No problem," he shot back.

"Ray to go?" Lisa stood in the doorway, modelling the dress.

"That's beautiful!" Kelly whistled. "I don't know if I can trust Jerry here driving afterall—looking like that."

Lisa smiled shyly, disclaiming the praise.

"I'll bring some more dresses tomorrow if I can find any your size. And we'll see about cutting your hair."

That sparked real excitement in Lisa's eyes, the first Jericho had seen in weeks. She was finally coming back.

After dropping Lisa off at the front doors of the Centre, Jericho headed for the Overview Housing Development—cruising through a city he knew as well as the back of his hand—and yet one that remained a complete mystery to him. He'd lived there as a child and learned the area within a few blocks of his house—then, working as everything from a short order cook to a vacuum cleaner salesman—he'd managed to expand his inner map out to the very edges of town. Now he had not one, but two jobs he liked at the same time—taking pictures and writing for the city's newspaper; *Republican*, and managing the shelter at night. Both gave him a sense of being needed—which was all he really required from life. With a goal or purpose to work for, he could forget.

He looked up at the rear view mirror and turned it so he could take his own face. He shared at his reflection and pulled out a comb to smooth out the tangles as his '68 Mustang roared into the *Republican's* parking garage.

Inside, the assistant editor greeted him with a yell from the door of his office. "Hey, Jer!" He said excitedly, waving a sheet of paper. "Get down the the 14th Street Subway station—they've got a stabbing. Just found her."

"I'm on it!" Jericho yelled back. He paused long enough to grab a telephoto lens from the side drawer of his desk, then, with it safely in his camera bag, he ran for the elevator.

An ambulance was just driving away without flashing lights or screaming sirens when Jericho arrived on the scene. He knew he'd missed his chance, so he quickly cornered a policeman.

"Who was that?"

"No positive ID yet." The officer toned tiredly, staring at the tape recorder in Jericho's hand. "You a reporter?"

"Yeah. What happened?"

"Stabbing—three, four times. One of the janitors found her behind some cans on the platform. Looked like she'd been there since last night."

"How old was she?"

"Shit . . . I dunno. Maybe twenty—maybe. Dressed nice, too. Probably a mugging—too clean for a rape. That's all I can tell 'ya."

The other interviews were dead ends—so Jericho headed to the paper to file his story. He telephoned the precinct and later for the victim's name.

"Jericho Ryan from the *Republican*. I need a name on murder vic . . ."

"I'll get you records—hold please." Buzz.

"This is Jericho Ryan calling from the *Republican*. I need name of the stabbing victim at the 14th Street IRT this morning."

"Murder?"

"Yeah."

"Lemme check . . . yeah . . . here it is . . . Lindsey Miller"

The name went through Jericho like hot lead. "Miller?" voice edged up in pitch.

"Yeah. Lindsey . . ."

"489 Sycamore?"

"How'd you . . . ?"

"Thanks for your help." He smashed the phone down. "DAMMIT!"

He typed the name into the lead paragraph of the article and rushed out of the crowded newsroom and down to the nearest telephone in the outer hall.

Kelly answered on the second ring. "Hello?"

"Kelly? Jericho. I just covered a story . . . about . . . Lindsey Miller got knifed last night at the 14th Street IRT."

"Sounds like she was on her way back here. Her house miles . . ."

"That's right . . . she just wasn't as lucky this time. Why the hell couldn't he have left her alone?"

"Never know. I've been trying to get you for an hour—Linda gone."

"What?"

"She called up her husband at work when she woke up and they made up."

"Made up? How?"

"Shit. I don't know. She put a dress from the closet and grabbed a cab home. What was I supposed to do, tackle her?"

"No. Sorry—I didn't mean it was your fault. I just can't see how she could go back to that nut."

"We're probably half-lucky. Guess who Branvold gave a number to about Linda's case? Bysheent called up about fifteen minutes ago—thank God you didn't give them a name. I told him the patient had been moved out of the city to a clinic for her safety. He bought it."

"Any other news?"

"Listen, hon, try not to worry about Linda. Just get some sleep and show up for work tonight."

"Sure."

He managed to make it through his entire long afternoon of reading several chapters from a book he had read before, talking to an old friend he hadn't called in ages, and, finally, buying a new album to kill time. The thought caught up with him as he was driving to the shelter that night. The words formed in his head just as the streetlights were coming on and the glow of the sun had faded behind the tall buildings.

*The ripper had struck again.*

It was a joke, he knew, at work—but to him it was deadly serious. No one could see what he had seen for the last six months and not believe it. The ripper had struck again . . . again . . . and again. As tricky as ever, only hiding now in the morass of "social courtesy" instead of darkness. He committed crime after crime . . . even murder, yet remaining safe and protected. He struck all the time . . . with his victims protecting him until they drew their last breaths.

He cut a curve too tight, swinging perilously close to the fender of an cab parked at the corner. He'd only had a couple of drinks—but still enough to show up. He slowed down and prayed Kelly wouldn't smell it over the mouth-wash he'd swigged.



kness fell, he sensed the ripper watching. Like an infection wing and spreading, the ripper just went on and on. Jericho ed up in front of the shelter, checking behind the car before got out, then walked up the stairs to the apartment . . . know-all the while that as long as nothing was done, the ripper d strike again and again forever.

"You're early!" Kelly sounded surprised when he unlocked front door and came inside.

"Got back early at work, didn't really have anything else to do."

"Hey, I'm not complaining—I need a break after today. You ng okay?"

"I'll be all right. Did you hear from Linda?"

"No, and I didn't dare call her up."

"How about Lisa?"

"She got back around two—she's back in her room reading v, I think. Is it okay if I go now? I'd like to grab some dinner ore work."

"Sure, go on."

"The door clicked shut and locked behind her as she left.

"Jericho?" Lisa called from the hallway.

"Hi, beautiful. Have a good day?"

"She nodded as she entered the room, dressed in old denims d a baggy red T-shirt.

"Great. Like something to eat?"

"She nodded again, holding up two fingers to indicate a "little

" "Vig lunsh," she croaked.

"They took you out for a big lunch?"

"Another affirmative.

"Well," he suggested, opening the cupboard over the stove d peering in. "We got chicken soup, beef soup, tomato soup, m chowder, vegetable soup . . . or I *could* just cook you up burger and fries and run it through the blender."

"Just watch okay?" She smiled, not at all interested in the sng. He thanked God that the wires would be coming off in other week. He'd even promised her a steak dinner following the doctor's appointment—a night of celebration in a near-town where no one would recognize her. Lisa walked over d took her seat at the kitchen table, watching him as he cooked self some macaroni and cheese.

"Wad you do aday?"

"Not much, went over to the newspaper and wrote a couple articles."

"About Linnsey?"

"What?" He froze.

"Linnsey . . . I heard bout her at the centre. Id you write avout r?"

"What could he say? "Yeah, I wrote about her. She was killed a subway station near here last night."

"Coming here?"

"He didn't answer. "The ripper" ringing again in his head. He ashed on Linda's husband—wondering what he was doing just at moment.

"I'm onna go ta my room," she said quietly, picking her book off the table as she headed for the hallway.

"Can I do anything?" He said as his attention returned to Lisa.

"No," she whispered before disappearing into the dark llway.

"It was only an hour later, with Lisa safely asleep, that he was ble to slip out of the cramped apartment unnoticed and pursue his quest to change that sad truth."

A dull mist descended across the viewfinder, blurring his view. A arm breath on cold glass—with the drizzle outside making the ass colder all the time. He put the camera carefully into his p and rolled the car window down, eliminating the problem. The darkness became suddenly more intimate, an ally helping de him from watching, ignorant eyes. The grey drizzle pulled self around his parked car like a clock, dampening all sounds ith the steady hiss of droplets striking the pavement.

Raising the camera once again to his eye, he let the long lens

rest on the window edge for stability. His fingers slid against the knurled sides of the lens, seeking the image he wanted.

Click. Whir. Click. Whir.

He edged it closer, the motor drive on the camera allowing him to keep his eye glued to the scene—a second story window, almost obscured by the reaching branches of a willow tree, and the two figures inside.

Click. Whir. He moved it still closer. The window sills disappeared from view as the lens intruded on the couple sitting closely together.

Suddenly, pieces of light shattered the night around him—headlights from behind. He quickly returned the camera to his lap in a practiced move as the car pulled alongside and stopped for the stop sign at the corner. A blast of heavy metal music dispelled his fears. Happily drunk teenage eyes glanced over at him for a moment, then the car burned off the line in a squeal of tires.

The music faded when the car disappeared around the next curve, and by that time his camera was again trained on the window. With a twist, the image again swam into view . . . only he was not there. A woman's naked form moved slowly, steadily, in front of the window—a silhouette in front of the bright bedroom lights. No, he wasn't gone—just out of sight beneath her. Jericho jerked the viewfinder from his eye, dropping it on-to the passenger's seat as he reached over and pulled his dog-eared blue pad out of the glove compartment. He ruffled through the yellow-edged pages until he reached a page dated *June 8*. A name was pencilled underneath—Janice McGavin. "Safe for tonight," he thought, as he turned the page to find the name of his next destination. Straining his eyes in the dim light, he read the name . . . Lindsey Miller. Shoving the book back into the glove compartment and shutting it, he felt the tears of helplessness welling up inside. The same tears he'd felt as a child when the victim had been not just any woman—but his mother.

He'd chosen to watch Lindsey one night too late.

Lisa took it hard—on the surface simply because she cared about people, but, on a deeper and more dangerous level, because it reminded her of her own mortality. She stopped smiling, and even when the wires came out, she cracked only a perfunctory grin to survey the results. She quit asking worried adolescent questions about her appearance, instead turning to subjects like death and what to do with her life if it wasn't already too late. She slept little and gave up her nice clothes in favor of the old housecoat. For a while, she spent her evenings in dark discussions with Jericho on the sofa—or out on short walks when the shelter was crowded and Jericho thought it was safe.

Soon even that went away. Two weeks after the ripper took Lindsey, Lisa preferred to stay in her room with the lights out, just staring at the wall. The last bit of excitement had long since faded from her eyes—and when Jericho talked to her, he talked only to himself. Even in his absence, the ripper had all the advantages—and Jericho was losing this one to him.

June 22

"Lisa?"

No answer came from the dark room, but he could make out her dim figure sitting cross-legged on the bed facing away from him. He pulled the door almost closed behind him, leaving one yellow ray of light streaming in across the bed and the wall behind it.

"Lisa?" There was not even a movement of her head to acknowledge his presence. "You have to eat."

Silence.

The wind-up clock by her bedside ticked off the seconds, amplifying the tension like an obscene drum-roll. He could feel her holding back. All the fighting spirit she'd shown was now squandered on hiding something.

"Tell me what it is . . . what's bothering you. Lindsey?"

"Nothing."

He sat down on the bed beside her, straining to make out her

expression in the darkness.

"You still owe me that dinner." He said, changing tracks.

"What's the matter, embarrassed to be seen with me?"

Her eyes shifted.

"Sounds like it. And now you won't even talk to me."

"That's not true!" Her head fell into the crook of his arm as the tears finally came.

"Why'd this happen, why'd your mother do this to you?" He was suddenly insistent.

"I came in late from a date. She said that everyone would think me and Tommy had . . ."

"Lemme tell you something I learned a long time ago. Everyone who beats up on someone else has an excuse for it. Not a reason—just an excuse. That way they can deny they're doing something there's no excuse for. But you let her do it—just stood there and let her do it."

"Yes."

"What's *your* excuse?"

"Now you don't have to worry—you can stay here for as long as you want and we'll help you find a job when you want one. There's no need to go back."

"What about Tommy?"

"You don't really want to go back to him, do you?"

There was a long silence, then a change in her voice as she changed the subject.

"Who's the 'ripper'?"

"Where'd you hear that?"

"Kelly, on the phone today—from people at the Centre. What is it?"

"Just a name."

"For who?"

"I'm not really sure—I used it in an editorial I wrote a few weeks ago."

"But who?"

"Ever heard of Jack the Ripper? The guy that killed women in London a long time ago? The one who left little notes to the police?"

"Yes."

"He never got caught because people didn't see him for what he was. I think he's still around—in one form or another."

"Here?" Lisa's voice sounded frightened.

"People out there get beaten and killed every day . . . right in the middle of cities—even in broad daylight—by mothers, fathers, boyfriends; people who are supposed to love them. But those people just let them get by so they can do it again. The ripper's still around—he's just stopped leaving cutesy messages."

The phone rang in the kitchen, cutting off Lisa's next question. It turned out to be a wrong number, but by the time Jericho returned Lisa had already dozed off.

He picked her up, despite her feeble protestations, and laid her head on the pillow—pulling the covers up to cover her. "No more about the ripper," he said, turning off the light. Then, stopping in the living room to pick up his camera, he slipped out the front door. The decision was made.

### June 23

It was twelve after four p.m. the next day, seven minutes late, when one of the copy boys finally came through the staff room of the *Republican* to pass out copies of the evening edition to the shift members who had stayed on to read it. Jericho was at his desk, waiting, when the pimply-faced kid walked by and flipped a paper onto his desk. He had two articles in this one, and was particularly interested in the placement his feature on city funding for public service programs had received. He stopped on page three at the article titled "Police Call Byshent Death Suicide." An old picture was centered in the column beside the article. He read:

Police today announced that they have ruled out homicide in the case of Lin-

da Byshent, the 29 year old wife of surgeon Paul Byshent.

She was found in her tub yesterday bleeding from cuts on her wrists. Mrs. Byshent was pronounced dead on arrival at Valley Memorial Hospital. A coroner's examination listed the cause of death as blood loss. Byshent could not be reached for comment.

"Who the hell wrote this?"

"What?" Came Parnelli's voice from behind him.

"Byshent . . . suicide—page three."

"Mallory, I think . . . but he's already gone and you're not going to catch him on a Friday night. What do you want to know anyway?"

"What happened?"

"Just . . . cut her wrists. Crazy, huh?"

"Any cuts, bruises—except the wrists?"

"Coroner said there was no sign of a struggle. Why?"

Jericho was already on his way out. The ripper had struck again.

"Hello?"

"Kelly? This is Jericho. Did you hear about Linda yet?"

"No."

"She killed herself yesterday. They're calling it suicide."

"No . . . dammit, no!" Kelly's voice was rapidly approaching hysteria.

"I'm going to the police station now—so I'll be late."

"Jericho?" She said, but the line was already dead.

"Now tell me exactly what she said to you," said the shop police lieutenant from the other side of the thick, oakwood door. Jericho sank back into his chair as if taking the third degree and he was.

"Her husband had beaten her up."

"She told you that, word for word?"

"Sure, yeah. She had plenty of time to give me all the details right after we got back from tap dancing at Studio 54," his voice betrayed the exasperation he felt. "All she managed to get out before she collapsed was something about a dress. Just call the crisis line—she called them first."

"We pulled their tape of the call. All she said was 'I'm hurt please come and get me.'"

"How about the people in the car that got her?"

"She gave you a speech compared to them."

"But it was her husband!" Jericho was livid.

"You can't prove that—no doctor saw her when she was hurt and there wasn't a bruise on her corpse beyond the obvious"

"What did her husband say?"

"His lawyer said he hadn't touched her and that he'd sue the . . . he'd sue us if we kept pestering him. And he has a lot of influence in this town."

"But . . ."

"We can't prove a damned thing, okay, and neither can you regardless of what we suspect. Officially, it was a suicide period."

"Yours truly," Jericho mumbled below audibility.

"What?"

"Never mind."

Fully half the cigarette was gone before, turning the corner onto a rundown street of shops, Jericho remembered that he'd kicked the habit six months before. Nervous habits, he decided die hard—especially when you're stupid enough to leave a unopened pack in the glove compartment. But, catching himself he tossed the still smouldering butt down onto the wet sidewalk where it died with a sudden "pssst!" He felt suddenly less pressured and more independent without the psychological crutch—though no less rushed. He had an appointment he couldn't miss and a stop to make before it.

his watch said 5:42 p.m. as he walked down the sidewalk, which still steamed from an afternoon summer shower. He passed the store fronts with purpose—first, a hardware store with windows full of wrenches, ladders, and other such items for the agile homeowner. But it was closed, as was the barber shop with an old-time red and white spinning sign and a *Be back in 10 minutes* sign that the owner had forgotten to take down. Next came the flashing neon of Goldstein's Men's Shop. He slowed at the door. The windows were filled with stereos, guitars and guns of all descriptions just beyond the steel bars. A fan on the cracked hardwood floor rumbled loudly, nearly drowning out the voices of two men arguing with the owner over the steep price of a TV.

"Too conspicuous," he thought. "And unnecessary." He walked on without entering.

The next store was just what he was looking for.

"We're closing," said a young boy with sweat-drenched hair standing behind the display case by the door. He had a broom in his hand and it was obvious that he was aching to get out of the heat.

"I just want to look."

"Five minutes okay? I'll finish up sweeping. If you see something you like, yell." He waved his hand in an encompassing gesture over the case.

"Sure." Jericho stood by the case looking down, pressed for time but willing to make the right choice. He glanced at his watch—he had twenty-five minutes. Then, the *right* one caught his eye. "I found it."

"Which one?" The boy asked, flapping his sweaty shirt as he pointed the back of the case and reached in.

"That one there . . . yeah, in the corner." A beauty." He pulled it out and held it up for Jericho's examination. "I bet your . . ."

"Could you wrap it up? I'm kinda in a hurry."

"Sure. Cash or check?"

"Check." He was already writing it out.

"I'll have to see some ID."

Jericho's watch read 6:19 as his car came to a stop on the street—here—he'd managed to hit almost every light red and was now on schedule. He sprinted from the car to the heavy wooden doors. Inside, he climbed the stairs, peeling the wrapping paper from the package as he went. Reaching the door at the top, he rang the doorbell. From within, he could just make out the rushing sounds. He tensed, staring at the door, steeling his nerves to do what he'd planned. The door squeaked open.

"Yes?"

Lisa peeked out, opening the door to the shelter. She stood in the half-light of the doorway, wearing a sky blue dress, ready to go—as he'd expected. A shy smile swept across her face.

"Wow." He said, taking her in. "Ready for dinner?"

"Sure am."

Her eyes dropped and stared at the hand held behind his back. Lowering her eyes, he brought out the hidden package—the red case he'd picked up only minutes before at the florist.

"They're beautiful. You didn't have to . . ."

"I wanted to. Come on, our carriage awaits. I just gave it a wax job."

Jericho looked across the table at Lisa. She was nervously looking around the restaurant. He was glad he'd made reservations at a corner table. The position and the dim lights would make it difficult for anyone to recognize her as he fulfilled his promise to her of a "night on the town." She'd had to order spaghetti instead of steak—her jaw complaining severely against anything truly solid.

"Thanks, Jericho," she said, finally breaking the ice as she took the candle on the table and the red-and-white tablecloth that stretched between them with smiling eyes.

"Glad you're enjoying yourself."

"Why'd you bring me here?" She said bluntly after a thoughtful pause.

"I promised you, didn't I?"

"Tell me the truth . . . does it have anything to do with the 'ripper'?"

He started to deny it, but realized that in being dishonest he would be no better than those he fought against. The ripper lived on deceit.

"I guess, a little. I just wanted you to know there are still people who like you and like being around you. A lot of people stay in bad situations because they think things will get even worse if they leave. You have to win these things without violence—on your own."

It was almost midnight when Jericho's Mustang finally pulled up in front of the shelter. He'd waxed it, for the first time in two years, less than an hour before picking up Lisa. The carefully polished chrome fenders and front bumper picked up the streetlights with exceptional brilliance—casting little reflection after the couple as they walked up the stairs. Lisa turned to him on the top step.

"Guess Kelly's waiting up for us."

He laughed, "You know, you're really a great date."

"Sure." She sounded skeptical.

"No, really . . . you are." He explained. "I knew before we even left that you'd be spending the night at my place. What a set up!"

He couldn't read her expression in the shadows, and was quite unprepared when she leaned over and brushed her lips softly across his. Before he could say a word, she had opened the door and stepped into the living room.

"Jericho?"

It was Kelly, sitting on the couch with Paul Glazing, city rep for public service organizations. With black-rimmed glasses, a white shirt, and a tightly cinched tie—Glazing looked like the intellectual beanpole Jericho had always pegged him as. A paper pusher.

"Yeah we're back. What's up?"

"Nothing. Mr. Glazing just came over to take a look at the shelter so he could talk about us at the next city council meeting."

"We can always use a plug," Jericho said. "And a new sink, mirror, and a couple of chairs for . . ."

"I've got to get my contacts out, goodnight everyone," Lisa managed, excusing herself. Kelly waited for her to get out of earshot.

"You still haven't told her about Linda?"

"No."

"Didn't think so. Here's some news you won't believe—Linda's husband died tonight."

"Byshent? How?"

"Hit and run in front of his house. Nobody saw a thing—they just found him lying in the street."

Jericho didn't respond.

Glazing looked at Jericho coldly, shifting his weight on the sofa. "You don't seem too bothered by it."

"What do you expect me to say? After what he did it's hard to get . . ."

"Enough," Kelly said, cutting him off cold. "We've got to go now, anyway."

She managed a "See ya tomorrow" as she escorted Glazing out of the room. Jericho went to the kitchen and grabbed himself a drink from the refrigerator, then returned to his accustomed seat on the couch—killing the overhead light as he went. He looked out the window and watched Kelly get into her yellow Toyota on the far side of the street. Glazing was no where in sight.

"Jericho?" Lisa's thin voice piped from the back. "Could you give me some help?"

"Be there in a second," he said, watching Kelly's taillights trail off down the street.

Then he walked back towards Lisa's room, vowing he'd win the next one on his own. ■

## Contributors

### Features

**David Bulla** is a 24 year old English major from Greensboro.

**Mark A. Corum** is.

**Craig Shaffer** is a second year student in the MFA Creative Writing Program. Last spring he won Grand Prize in *Corradi's* annual poetry competition. He has been previously published in *Poet and Critic*, *The Lyric*, *American Poetry Anthology*, and *Cold Mountain Review*.

**Homer Yost** was born in Phillipsburg, N.J., raised in Hawaii and Baltimore, and most recently fled the long winters of New Hampshire to become an MFA candidate in sculpture at UNC-G. He is coordinator of Students Concerned for Central America and plays basketball when he has time.

### Art

**John Martin**, from Gastonia, is a graduate student with a concentration in sculpture. His work has been exhibited at Appalachian State University, Gaston Community College, and the Real Art Gallery in Boone, N.C.

**Mike Northvis**, a cum laude graduate of Hope College, is pursuing his Master's Degree in Art. His concentration is in Painting and Print Making.

**Anne F. Wilkinson**, previously published in *Tobacco Road*, graduated from Duke in 1979 with a degree in Botany. She is from Chagrin Falls, Ohio. Anne says, "I am particularly interested in natural forms. This interest has carried me to wilderness areas in search of forms."

### Poetry

**Catherine Vance Agrella** lives with her husband and two daughters in Fayetteville, N.C. where she is a part-time English instructor for Methodist College. She recently completed her Master's thesis on Edward Taylor and Walt Whitman at Texas A & M University. She has been previously published in *St. Andrew's Review*.

**Tangela Baldwin** is a sophomore History major from Tabor City.

**Tom Carter** is a senior studying writing under Elizabeth Sewell and Linda Bragg. Tom, a senior, designed his own major that includes the disciplines of criticism, poetry and fiction. He has a deep respect for The Tradition, and his work has been influenced by Hanna Arndt, Dylan Thomas, Ruth Pitter, and Michael Polanyi.

**Nathanael Dresser** is a student in the MFA Writing program. He has been previously published in *Piedmont Post*.

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**Marcia McCredie** teaches history and photography at Louisville College. She is originally from Winston-Salem and currently resides in Raleigh with her husband and six year old daughter Vanessa. Recent publications include *Kentucky Poetry Review*, *Hemlocks and Balsams*, *Colonnades*, and *Award Winning Poems* (North Carolina Poetry Society).

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**Frances Parkton** is a 27 year old Dance major. She is back at school after a seven-year absence spent writing poetry. Frances lives in Salisbury with her two children.

**Jo Jane Pitt** is currently a student in the MFA Writing program. She is the mother of two. In Spring 1983, Jo Jane placed third in *Corradi's* Poetry Competition.

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### Photography

**Kathy D'Angelo** is a senior English major from Philadelphia. She is Photography Editor of *Pine Needles* and in 1982 won second place in *Corradi's* annual photography competition. Her future plans include combining photography and writing, perhaps in children's literature.

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**Donagan Root** is a sophomore Design major born in New York City. His hobbies include photography, sailing and soccer.